Miss Fairfax was standing with her partner in the archway that led from the conservatory to the ballroom at Lady Tadeaster's, against a background of luxuriant palms. They made an efficient background, for, though Miss Fairfax was innocent of posing, she was old enough to know where and how a girl should stand. Through the wide arch she could see, flooded in the glare one morning and found her absorbed in of electric light, a tall, somewhat comof electric light, a tall, somewhat commanding figure. The ball was half over, but he had only just arrived.

"Who is that man?" she said, languidly, and in a tone perhaps too studiously devoid of interest. Her fan barely hinted the direction in which he was.

"Good gracious!" was the answer; "why it's Avoncourt. I had no idea he was in town. He's been the Queen's ambassador somewhere or other-St. Petersburg or ---" She interrupted him.

"I didn't know he was in London, either."

she said in the same tone. It was not very long before a mutual friend brought Lord Avoncourt up to be introduced to Miss Fairfax. She was more or less the fashion. Being accustomed to homage, she was more interested than flattered at his notice. She gave him a "wonderwho-you-can-be" look, with one eyebrow raised, but her smile was charming.

She was at that time a little tired of everything-of the season, her frocks, her partners, and the world in general. Lord Avoncourt remembered her. He had been away from England for five years,

and was a little out of touch with his old life. But he had a distinct recollection of seeing Miss Fairfax at her first ball, and he wondered rather that she had not married in the interim. As a debutante she was enchantingly pretty, very fair, with a skin like the petals of a wild rose, large, wondering gray eyes and hair of a conspicuous golden color. A friend of his, Eric Le Marchant, had pointed her out to

"One of the new beauties," he said; "Lady Mary Fairfax's little girl. What do you think of her?"

too well; to-night it seemed a little in the nature of a prophecy.

Think of her? he said. Ask me again | riage five years hence. At present she is only a pink-and-white possibility." The stated time had elapsed, and he saw

a subtle change had come over her. She had "arrived," as the French say. The wild-rose skin was untouched by the ravages of time or art. The hair, naturally of a dubious tint, was still of a crisped, deep gold. But the charm of the young girl had gone: the charm of the woman had taken

just succeeded to the title through the death of a cousin. As a young man he always said he had had no time to marry: later, the inclination was not forthcoming. Now he contemplated matrimony from the utilitarian, rather than from the sentimental, point of view. He had decided to make no extravagant demands of the lady who should share the Avoncourt honors with him. She must only be virtuous, beautiful and as intelligent as is necessary

It is difficult to distinguish the hand of that diwinity which shapes our ends from an insidious temptation of the devil. At this critical point in his career had Avoncourt encountered the woman, in the divine guise of Miss Fairfax. She made an impression on him, she compelled him with large, lustrous eyes to remain beside her mest of the evening. He was clever, he was celebrated, he was the principal per-son present. She had reached the stage when she inquired less who a man was than what he had done. A certain consclous sense of power came to her assist-

"I am so tired of it all," she had said to him. "It" was a very comprehensive word, it meant the balls—and that ball in particular-the partners, the monotony of excitement, even the homage bestowed un-der such obvious disguises as bouquets But he understood. It had been his business in life to understand.

"You are tired," he said, reflectively, "because you have eaten too many of socie-ty's good things-you have had the plums out of all the cakes.' Miss Fairfax smiled disconcertingly. "How do you know?" she demanded.

"You are a stranger to me. "Not to know Miss Fairfax is to argue oneself if not unknown, at least the most unobservant of men. "Ah!" she said; "I have had the plums out of that cake! Last week I was intro-

duced to a royal personage. How he bored Avoncourt smiled the smile of diplomacy. "But he was not bored," he said, "and you had the honor and glory-most people would have thought it nothing else. Popu-

larity has to be paid for, but it's quite a marketable commodity and has never yet fallen below par. She gave his clever, clean-shaven face a brief, but searching look. His compliments possessed a subtlety which her last admirer's had lacked. On the whole she was pleased that this star of the first magni-

ade should have arisen above her horizon, doreover, she was monopolizing Lady l'adcaster's carefully-selected lion, and the situation was fraught with a delicate sense. Miss Fairfax was the practical outcome of the century which has seen the emanci-

pation of slaves and of Englishwomen. She | sion and pain. ernity. Her intellect was gregarious and acquistive; she had read most things and had talked about them with a naivete that was almost ingenuous. For the rest, her had been wasted on society and many balls, for which her appetite was insatiable, her contempt immense and uncon-She had a great deal to say to Lord

Avoncourt. He was interested in the Egyptian question (there is always an Egyptian question, as if to remind men of the sphinx's riddle). in a frontier dispute, in a lately revealed atrocity among aboriginal tribes. She was quite au fait about them, had caught all the points with curious alacrity. He found her cleverness very charming; it is quite a tolerable commodity in a pretty woman. though it aggravates the physical defects of a plain one.

How bored Le Marchant looks!" he said, suddenly, as two people walked slow-ly past them. Neither was speaking; the man looked unspeakably ennuye, the woman as if she knew she was boring him and could not help it. Miss Fairfax did not answer. A very

faint flush came into her face. The sight of those two people had called an odious -to-night an impossible-memory. Very soon afterward he suggested a return to Meanwhile Lady Tadcaster had missed "I can't think where on earth Lord

Avoncourt is," she said, rather irritably. muddy. to her favorite nephew, Mr. Edward Lauriston, who happened to be standing near "I want to introduce him to some-

"I don't think he wants to be introduced to anybody, though," remarked the young man; "he has gone the way of all tlesh. "You don't mean to say he's dead!" she said, putting up her lorgnette. "Only to a sense of the honor you wish to confer upon him. He is sitting out with

Miss Fairfax in the conservatory." Lady Tadeaster smiled. 'You men are all like sheep." she said 'one leads, the rest follow. I thought Lord Avoncourt never noticed women except

professionally. 'Miss Fairfax is the exception, which proves the rule null and void. At that moment the music began and two people entered the ball room. The man, a tall, commanding figure with a certain conquering air, helding himself as one accustomed to power. Beside him-the weman triumphant here in earth. Her ladyship's lorgnette went up promptly. She bestowed a stare that was not guite well bred upon them. "Teddy." she said. "that girl grows pret-

tier every day. It's impossible to believe that she's own daughter to Mary." (Lady Mary having been always noted for the kind of features to be found on the platform of women's suffrage meetings.)

"She's put in her thumb and pulled out a plum and said what a 'cute girl am I.' replied Teddy, saplently, 'How horribly vulgar!

The obvious is nearly always vulgar. By Jove! Avoncourt's making the running tonight. Poor Le Marchant!" Now, Lady Tadcaster had been heard to say of her nephew that all he demanded of her was an unlimited supply of endurance and of funds. She had come almost to the end of her stock of the first, and, turning sharply upon him, remarked in a se-

Pink-and-White Possibility. years old. Miss Fairfax was very young then, and I admit her conduct may have been sometimes lacking in discretion." "As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout so is a fair woman without discretion,"

quoted Teddy. "She is older now," pursued his aunt. and recogniz "And knows," he observed, "that a girl's incoherently. reputation can only be preserved by the utmost caution, and a married woman's only lost through the utmost folly. I'm ed it back * * and I refused. Take it.' engaged for this dance;" and he moved nonchalantly across the room About a fortnight later Miss Fairfax entered her mother's boudoir at 10 o'clock would have tempted the most rigorous abstainer from breakfast. Lady Mary had a most rooted objection

to meeting any of her relations before "What do you want, Dorothy?" she said Miss Fairfax sat down by the table and to play with the sait. She wore a dress of white muslin, with soft ruches of lace, and some pink rosebuls fastened family near her throat. "I shan't keep you long," she remarked. "I only wanted to tell you that Lord

Avoncourt proposed to me last night." "Oh, is that all?" She was relieved to find that the matutinal visit did not mean on this occasion a request for checks. Experientia docet. "I accepted him," said Dorothy.

"Then I hope he is well off. Most peers are so wretchedly poor in these days."
"My dear mother, I naturally haven't inquired into the extent of his income. I be- of the terrible accident that day than of lieve he has a house in town and one in the letter which was lying in his coat the country and a place in Scotland.

"Ask him to lunch," she said, and waved her hand in a manner that unmistakably conveyed a dismissal. Dorothy left the room, and she recurned

to her egg with renewed vigor and appe-

Avoncourt came to lunch, and wanted Dorothy to drive or walk in the park afterward, but she declined. She had something important to do. Her flance was not best pleased that at this early stage of their engagement he should have drifted into a place of secondary impor-He had fallen suddenly and desperately

in love with this beautiful girl with the calm, statuesque features, and the je ne sais quoi suggestive of experience in her She was rather too independent, he thought, as he saw her drive away alone in a hansom, but she was dressed so plainly in black, with a close-fitting black hat

Miss Fairfax drove 'n the direction of South Kensington. At the Museum she put it back in his hand. stopped, paid her fare and entered the building. She then proceeded to the picture gallery, where a solitary figure-that

of a man-was pacing up and down. He came forward and bowed to her. "This is the most public place of all," said Miss Fairfax, "and I wish to speak to you in private. You know this place better than I do-take me to a more private part. Her voice was cold and restrained. He led the way downstairs to a more secluded part. Till then he had hardly vouchsafed her a single glance, now he looked at her Lord Avoncourt was over forty, and had | intently. The black dress made her slight form look even slimmer; the only color about her was the warm richness of her gold hair. There was an unexpected childish aspect in her white face.

"Well," he said harshly, yet wondering at himself for his harshness. "I suppose you have come to tell me? I have heard it al-His face betrayed a certain dogged passion which brutally wounded, refused to expire. She, in an innocence of which he had been powerless to rob her, had never understood the full significance of this man's love. She only knew it had nothing in common with the discursive sentimentality of her girl friends' flames, whose conversations had been repeated to her. "You knew," she said, rather helplessly, "that it was a question of time. "The greater than I-as I prophesied."

"Don't," she said, breathing hard. She had never cared for him, but the sight of him now was positively loathsome to her. It was the first time she had spoken to him since the day when it suddenly became patent to her that she had narrowly escaped being made the victim of a deliberate plot. Even as it was, he had informed her that one word from him could destroy her fair name forever. Joined to her hatred of the man was the knowledge that he had a certain power to make or mar her future. The world is not lenient in its judgment of women, and those few penciled words of hers, innocently writ-ten, might be difficult to explain away should they ever fall into the hands of any

"Mr. Le Marchant," she said, "I want you to give me something. That is why I Puck. came to-day He was silent.

"My letter," she said; "there was a letter-give it back to me.' His face was set in firm, rigid lines. A sick sensation of fear passed through "I will never give it up while I live," said Le Marchant, "so help me God!" Dorothy fell down at his feet.

"Oh," she cried, "you can't be so cruel! You can't keep it-any day it might come "Listen," he said, "I am going to keep that letter. I meant to marry you-if I were ever free-now, it seems, you are go-ing to drag a third person into the imbroglio. Avoncourt-well, I suppose he is like other men, and prefers a wife with a blameless future, if possible, rather than Puck. one with even the suggestion of a past!" "The letter," she moaned. He thought she resembled a picture he had once seen of Guinevere.

"I will never part with it," he repeated, The girl arose from her knees, spent with emotion, her hair disheveled, her face tear-stained. Avoncourt had admired her for her self-possession, her little frozen speech, her reserve. These subtleties were swept away by a consuming wave of pas-

"How well I understand you now," she remarked; and, pulling her veil down over her face, Miss Fairfax walked away. She held her chin, if possible, a little higher than before. He felt rather like dirt beneath that parting glance, and wondered if, after all, he had had the best of it.

"To think Avoncourt should have her!" Then he drew out of his pocket a square leather case, clumsy, but strong, and from thence produced an envelope. It was getting vellow with age, and rather dilapidated, but still bore intact the crest of the Fairfax family-a lion passant, with the motto "Fortiter et recte" beneath. That envelope, with its contents, was the only proof or sign left of the indiscretion of Dorothy Fairfax.

Miss Fairfax's wedding took place in the autumn. Contrary too all expectation, it was a very quiet affair, only immediate you may answer.' relations or intimate friends being invited. "Please, ma'am, After a short tour abroad, Lord and Lady Avoncourt went to Greylands, their country seat, for the shooting season. Lord Avoncourt had retired from the diplomatic service just before his marriage. Dorothy was sitting alone one December vening waiting for her husband's return. He had been out shooting all day. She was not exactly lonely, but the country was be-He came in about 5 o'clock, with a couple of dogs at his heels. All three were very

"Have some tea?" said Dorothy.

Please. He sat down and held his hands to the "By the way," he went on, "who do you think was shooting with old Carlton "I am sure I don't know," said his wife, "Le Marchant-you remember Eric Le Marchant? He and his wife are stopping there. I asked them to come over and dine here Tuesday.

"I had much rather they did not come, she said rather hurriedly. "I thought you liked Le Marchant," said Avoncourt. "He's a very clever man." "On the contrary," she said. "I dislike him very much. I don't want them to come here

"Surely, dear, this is unreasonable."" "I can't help it. You must get out of somehow She locked up rather pathetically. Lately she had so seldom eviaced any decided opinions that he was surprised at

her sudden opposition to his wisnes. He could not quite understand it. She looked very white, and there was a troubled look in her eyes. "Very well," he said, "you must do just as you like about it." "You must say you are called away somewhere on Tuesday. Don't say anything about me-they might suspect I don't

"I'm going to shoot there again to-morrow, so I'll explain to Le Marchant. Will that do Dorethy?' He touched her hand; the touch awoke a smile, and he felt rewarded. Certainly young Carlton shot very reck-lessly all day, but for the sake of their host-his father-the guests refrained from alluding to the fact. The only certainty in the case was that Eric Le Marchant was found lying under a hedge, a stream of blood flowing from his side, darkening the

chief. The others, who were summoned hastily to the spot, went off in different directions to obtain help and fetch the doctor and a stretcher, and he was left alone with Le Marchant. The dying man opened his eyes at last and recognized him. He began to speak

"In this pocket," he said, "there is a Without understanding in the least what he meant. Avoncourt put his hand into the pocket indicated and drew out a well-worn leather case.

Again Le Marchant opened his eyes.
"Yes, in there. * * 1 suppose it is all
up with me now. * * Tell her." Avoncourt drew forth from the case a somewhat dilapidated envelope. Something oddly familiar about the handwriting arrested his attention. Yes, it was hers, only in its miniature stage. The letter was simply directed to Eric Le Marchant at some club in Pall Mall; the crest upon it, a lion passant, with the motto, "Fortiter et recte," belonged to the Fairfax

He hesitated a moment, then thrust it into his own pocket. Eric Le Marchant was still staring at him, but the eyes were glazed and unseeing, and his breath had ceased to come in short, quick gasps. Lord Avoncourt felt his pulse, listened for the beating of his heart-but there was no the beating of his heart-but there was no A bird of the world, am I, answering throb. The doctor, arriving on I have loved all the world and sung all the world. the scene shortly afterward, pronounced

Le Marchant to be dead. Lord Avoncourt walked homeward with his brain in a whirl. He was thinking less pocket. What could it all mean? A vision Her mother looked at her, and observed that she was as beautiful as people said she was. She also failed to discern the faintest trace of enthusiasm in her countenance,

A cold feeling of fear clutched his heart. Was that calm indifference of hers, that icy exterior only a mask? Were all her possibilities of love awakened before his coming by some other hand, some other

He was sitting with his wife late that evening in the study at Greylands. They preferred that room when they were alone. Dorothy wore a white tea gown and looked very young and girlish. They had been talking in hushed tones of the accident. Presently he pulled an envelope out of his pocket and thrust it carelessly toward her. "Le Marchant gave me this before he died," he said, carefully ironing his voice of every trace of expression, "and I thought as it was yours, I had better give it back

Her heart beat: the superscription danced before her eyes, dazzling her. By the thick-Avoncourt remembered his verdict only and veil, that he concluded that she had letter was still inside it. She knew he had gone on some charitable mission, perhaps to visit the sick in the East End. He had heard her refuse to go in her mother's carall, of his love. She crept toward him and "My husband," she said, "I ought have told you long ago. Read it now.

He looked into her face. There was anguish unspeakable. The mask was gone, leaving only a beautiful, suffering woman, He arose, letter in hand, and went to the The next moment a flash of flame and a thin blue wreath of smoke leaped up from the heart of the fire-then a few charred scraps of paper fell forward upon the tiles. atom only had escaped destruction. Lord Avoncourt stooped and picked it up.

The printed words, "Fortiter et recte" were

visible upon it. With a smile which had

lost nothing of devotion or confidence, he

handed it to his wife. -London Truth. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Great Help. "Do you think it's all right to go to

"Why, yes. They say it's always better to have an objective point. Proof Against Temptation.

Mrs. Brown-Mrs. Smith is a woman of emarkable strength of mind. Mrs. Jones-Is she? "Yes; she never buys anything she doesn't want."

An Attempt to Define.

Johnny-Papa, what is meant by "a person of sanguine temperament?" Papa-It means -- a --- it means a person who expects a good many things that do not happen. A Fresh-Air Fiend.

"I believe," said the manly youth, "that your bicycle tires need more air.' "Oh, dear," cried the sweet, young thing,

New York Press.

just to think I left it outdoors all Their Trouble. May-I understand that they are very

Belle-Why, did not her father send his May-Yes-that is all he did send.

much disappointed over the result of their

As to Her Fiance. He-Dat fellah what she's engaged to am de wuss crank I ebbah did see. She-Yo' doan' say so? He-'Deed he am! He doan' keer fo' chickings, an' he doan' keer fo' watah-melon, an' he nebbah played policy in his

An Inconvenient Growth.

Dusty Rhodes-Say, lady, will yer kindly end me yer sickle or yer lawn mower? Lady-What do you want it for? Dusty Rhodes-Why, last spring a feller threw some grass seed on me, and de grass is gettin' so long dat it gives me some considerable annovance.

Brutes of Men.

New York Weekly. was a time when men wore corsets; but use again necessary. they found they were injurious to health and so-Mrs. Wrongrighter-Yes, and so they gave them to their poor, weak, helpless

wives and daughters. A Question of Degree.

Harper's Bazar. "A man who is versed in theology gets the degree of D. D., does he not?" "I think he does. A great legal light gets an LL. D. "And what degree do they confer on great musician? "I don't know. Fiddle Dee Dee, I guess!

Literal, but Slangy.

Puck.

"Will some little scholar please tell what happened after the children of Israel had marched seven days around the walls of Jericho. Sunday school teacher. "Tommy Taddells, shed tears. "Please, ma'am," replied Tommy, "they tumbled to the racket."

Sanctum Mysteries.

New York Weekly. Humorist's Wife-What in the world are you sending all these mother-in-law and plumber jokes to the Daily Blowhard for? They are as old as the hills. Humorist-Yes, my dear; but the editor who selects the humorist matter for that paper is a young fellow just out of college, and they'll all be new to him.

Knew Better.

Detroit Free Press. Miss Kissam-You seem depressed to-Mr. Dexter. Mr. Dexter-Yes, I am. I went to a fortune-teller to-day to find out my fate and was told that the girl I loved would not Miss Kissam-But, Mr. Dexter, no fortune-teller is authorized to speak for me.

An Unanswerable Argument. New York Weekly.

Mrs. Nocash-I don't see why you can't deal out of your income if you'd try Mr. Nocash-Huh! Look at Lighthead. He saved up \$2,000 and went to a horse race yesterday, bet on the wrong horse, and lost every cent of it. Now he's deadkilled himself. I was there with him and lost all I had, too, but it wasn't enough to bother about.

A Gentle Hint.

New York Weekly. Paterfamilias (serenely)-There was a young gentleman with you in the parlor Sweet Girl (gently)-Yes, pa-Mr. Stayer "And it was after II o'clock before he went home, miss. I'd like to know what kept him so late.' Well, pa, you looked so angrily at me when you came in and saw him that I guess he thought I needed a protector, and No one quite knew how it happened, so he stayed until he thought you were

Johnny's Iden.

New York Evening Sun. A little office boy was asked whether he would rather take his week's vacation all OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Mamma's Barometer. When babe's hair clings In a thousand rings Of rich nut-brown with a glint of gold, Then the mamma's eyes

Look weather-wise, For this is the story the curls have told: "Twill soon be wet, and you'd better get The clothes all in and the windows down." 'Tis the rain in the air that curled babe's hair And gave the darling a golden crown.

When babe's hair swings In a hundred strings of plain brown wisps without the gold, There's never a fear That the Storm King's near, For another story that hair has told:

And many a kiss has this dainty miss Because she is mamma's barometer girl. Richmond, Ind. -S. W. Gillilan. The Answer to the Rose.

"Tho' the clouds float by, they are all stone-dry;

The rain won't come when the hair don't

But I come to your side to die Fired of the world, as the world of me. I plead for your quiet breast; have loved all the world and sung all the But-where is the nightingale's nest?

rose of the world, a nightingale,

But for every rose I have sung before I love you the more, not less. Perfect it grew by each rose that died Each rose that died for you, The song that I sing-yea, 'tis no new song, It is tried-and so it is true

In a hundred gardens I sung the rose,

Rose of the world, I confess-

Petal or thorn, yea! I have no care, So that I here abide. Pierce me, my love, or kiss me, my love, But keep me close to your side know not your kiss from your scorn, my love, Your breast from your thorn, my rose; And if you must kill me, well, kill me, my love

-Richard Le Gallienne.

A Question. When all the overwork of life Is finished once, and, fast asleep.
We swerve no more beneath the knife.
But taste that silence cool and deep, Forgetful of the highways rough, Forgetful of the thorny scourge, Forgetful of the tossing surge, Then shall we find it is enough?

But-say 'twas the death I chose.

How can we say "enough" on earth-"Enough" with such a craving heart? I have not found it since my birth, But still have bartered part for part. I have not held and hugged the whole, But paid the old to gain the new: Much have I paid, yet much is due, Till I am beggared sense and soul.

-Christina Rossetti. Ebb Tide.

If God should draw life's veiling flood away What sights the human beach could show th What doubts, what creeping aims, what dreams What hopes, like fallen stars, would there What wreckage where the surface calmly sleeps, What shallows where we most had looked for

Strange rocks of cruelty that lie concealed Clad in pale weeds of vice, might rise revealed-Where monster habits in their slimy pride Through falsehood's clinging brine securely glide God pity all; oh, may His own grace hide And save our secret souls from such ebb tide! -Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in the Independent,

My Treasure House. Time takes not all for his; 'tis mine to own Treasures he may not touch, that secret lie And save their beauty for the inward eye. As prisoned light that lives within the stone In caverned mine, or when it decks a throne,

So garnered in the store of memory

Lie hidden beauties of the earth and sky.

These wait my time, when, turning from To things that were, in place of those that be, My memory shows me, through her open The timid flush of dawn, soft sweep of cloud.

The purpling mountain, and gray stretch of sea;

These are my peaceful spoil, my precious

-C. Harrison Townsend, in the Independent. The Silence of Love. Oh, inexpressible as sweet,

Love takes my voice away: I cannot tell thee, when we meet, What most I long to say. But hadst thou hearing in thy heart To know what beats in mine, Then shouldst thou walk, where'er thou art,

In melodies divine. So warbling birds lift higher notes Than to our ears belong; The music fills their throbbing throats. But silence steals the song.

-George E. Woodberry, in the Century.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Bricks are now made with mortises and tenons in such a way that a wall cannot be sprung outwards nor cracked. A century ago there was not a mile o telegraph or telephone wire in existence, not a foot of railway, nor a steamship, Statistics show that the longest-lived people have generally been those who made breakfast the principal meal of the day. One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are now running in various countries. Europe has 63,000, Asia 3,000, Australia 2,000

and Africa 700. Physicians in England continue to write their prescriptions in Latin because they imagine it to be better for their patients not to know the nature of the drugs they

Orange-growing is being abandoned on the peninsula of Lower California, and the orchardists are cutting down their trees awe. The marks are fresh and clear, as and planting the land with coffee, cotton and sugar cane.

The bridal veil of a Japanese young lady is subsequently used as her shroud. Directly after the marriage it is carefully put Professor-Do you know, madam, there away and reserved until death makes its Reasons Why We Should Not Boast The men and women of the Cree tribe of New York Tribune. Indians dress alike, and can be distinguished only by the ornamentation of their eggings, that of the men being vertical and that of the women horizontal.

During the last fiscal year 343,367 immigrants arrived in the United States, of whom 212,466 were males and 130,801 females. There were debarred 3,037 immigrants, of whom 2,010 were paupers and 776 contract Unborn babies in India are some times

used as security for debt. When the father of a family is obliged to borrow money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding he will pledge her first-porn son as

Very young children are not sensitive to pain to any great extent. Dr. Geuger calculates that sensibility is seldom clearly shown in less than four or five weeks after Mowing their horns?" asked the birth, and before that time infants do not The British authorities in India have been

obliged to discontinue the bounties on dead snakes because the natives went into the business of breeding the reptlles on a large scale in order to secure the reward paid for their dead bodies. The highest-priced watch made in Geneva costs £150. It records fractional parts of a second, strikes the hours and quarters,

and plays three tunes. With gems to ornament the case the value can, of course, be increased to two or three sums. Only one of the thirteen trees planted on Washington Heights by Alexander Hamilton more than a century ago to commemorate the thirteen original States of the Union is in a flourishing condition. All of the others are either dead or dving.

Runaway horses are unknown in Russia No one drives there without having a thin cord with a running noose around the neck of the animal. When an animal bolts the cord is pulled, and the horse stops as soon as it feels the pressure on the windpipe, The Pennsylvania railroad is the largest taxpayer in the city of Philadelphia. The taxes for that company's property in that city for 1896 are \$251,925.43. This represents a valuation of about \$20,000,000 on the real be more careful. You might save a good estate in that city owned by the company, Enormous tracts of Africa, especially the region between the Congo and Shari basins, and much of the area inclosed by the great northern curve of the Niger, remains unexplored. There is also unappropriated territory to the exetent of 1,584,398 square miles. One of the most eccentric church spires is that of the parish church (All Saints) of Chesterfield, with its curious spire, 228 feet high, and 64 feet off the perpendicular. Which ever way the observer looks at this

curious spire it appears to bulge out in that direction. A French engineer has conceived the interesting idea of reproducing the house in which Napoleon lived at St. Helena as an attraction during the Paris exhibition in The house will be an exact copy of the original, with panoramic canvases representing the natural surroundings.

The impetuous bravery of the Japanese, their patriotic eagerness to face the greatest perils, is to a large extent due to their fantastic belief. It is their belief that each man is predestined to die in a certain way. on an allotted day, and that the combined efforts of man cannot change his fate. Our ancestors ate much more meat than

ing looked upon as diet rather for a fasflous appetite than for a woman in good

The longest distance that a shot has been fired is a few yards over fifteen miles, which was the range of Krupp's 130-ton steel gun, firing a shot weighing 2,600 pounds. The 111-ton Armstrong gun has an extreme range of fourteen miles, firing a shot weighing 1,800 pounds, and requiring 960 pounds of powder.

Reports from various sources indicate that the demand for bicycles in England and the other European countries is fully equal to the home demand. The inability of English and other dealers to meet the demand is opening up a market for American wheels, and as they are superior in weight, strength and appearance the demand for them is increasing.

A New York man fell overboard the other day and was with difficulty rescued. Then he discovered that his hat was yet in the water. On his rescuers refusing to get it he jumped into the river himself for it and was nearly drowned before he was pulled out the second time. The extra labor made his rescuers angry and they had him arrested, and the magistrate fined him \$10. The voracity of the eagle and similar birds of prey is well known, but the contents of a nest which was recently discovered in the Alps by a Swiss hunter shows the following remarkable variety in the daily menu: A hare, twenty-seven chamois' feet, four pigeons' feet, thirty pheasants' feet, eleven heads of fewls, eighteen heads of grouse and the remains of a number of rabbits, marmots and squirrels.

THE EARTH'S PHYSICAL CONDITION. A Crumpling of the Surface on the Const of Japan.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. On the 15th of June, at 8 o'clock in the evening, there was a crumpling of the earth or an explosion of imprisoned gas off the southeastern coast of the island of Yezo, Japan, which raised mighty waves that overwelmed the fishing villages along the shore for a distance of eighty or ninety miles. In some places the sea rushed inland for more than two miles. The first wave drowned almost 60,000 people and swept the shores clean of houses.

A heavy fog hung over Vulcan bay as evening closed, and from the veiled waters come a thunderous noise. While the alarmed people along the shore were wondering as to the cause of the roar, the sea swept in. Along the whole coast only a few persens survived. After the catastrophe they were obliged to live on fish left by the sea in pools as the water receded. This is briefly the story of the great earthquake calamity of 1896. The islands of Japan appear to be centers of disturbances which in former times

there have been but few changes in the earth's surface, and we seem to have eached a period in the physical history of the planet when the mighty throes which heaped up mountains and shifted sea bottoms are not to be repeated. It would appear that the few shakings of the earth and explosions of volcanoes are but the feeble endings of processes that have left their records in the stretified rocks that now crop out from hillsides or the gorges of river courses, and in the piled masses of granite forming the domes of the Adirondack mountains. The great deposit of stratified rock under the city of Rochester, partially cut through by the wearing force of the Genesee, was from a sea that was lifted by some mighty convulsion and emptied upon land that may now be covered thousands of feet deep by the Atlantic. When the land upon which Rochester stands rose from the sea, man had not appeared on the scene; his bones are not found in any of the rocks, but should the bed of the Atlantic rise, the geologist wandering over the rocks now forming in the sea bottom will find remains of man. The question is, will the bottom of the Atlantic rise, as rose the ground upon which the Niagara limestone was deposited? As the earth has shivered and crumpled her crust but feebly in historic times, it may be assumed that the seas will not shift again. This assumption, while apparently well founded, may be as false as that of the trusting people who built the ofties of Herculaneum and Pompell at the base of Vesuvius. When these cities were founded the mountain was covered with forest that had flourished since man had made any record of events on the shores of the Mediterranean. No one can tell how many hundreds of thousands of years the mountain had been tranquil. Possibly its fires had subsided in that far away age in which the traditions of Egypt had fixed the sinking of Atlantis. While we may be deceived, as were the people of Pompeil and Herculaneum, their experience as compared with that of the Atlanteans, if such ever existed, tends to show the gradual subsidence of earth shakings and volcanic action. For, judging from the Egyptian traditions, preserved by Plato, the engulfing of Atlantis, off the pillars of Hercules was a mighter convulsion than the eruption of Vesuvius, but feebler than that which must have occurred when the ocean bottom upon which Rochester stands rose above water. All of the indications are that the earth throes have become feebler

and feebler as time has passed. To be sure there have been considerable changes. The early Jesuit fathers in New France recorded startling changes as the result of continued earthquakes along the lower St Lawrence. And as late as 1811 the face of the country over a goodly portion of Missouri was changed. The greatest change of modern times was in 1883, when the volcano of Krakatoa, in the island of Java. exploded and collapsed, changing the geography of the Straits of Sunda. It is possible that the earth may run against something in the journey through space that will surprise people. We may acquire another satellite in a way that will agitate the oceans to their depths. At the present time, however, the prospects for a calm journey and comparatively slight changes are good. No one is worrying very much nowadays about a return of the ice age; but every student must look upon the evidences of glacial action upon the rocks underneath Rochester with an impression of

though of quite recent origin. AN AGE OF IGNORANCE.

This is said to be an age of intelligence, and, relatively speaking, it is. There is a widespread sentiment in favor of promoting education among all classes in the community. This sentiment is not wholly altruistic; it rests largely on the belief that the great prizes of life to-day in nearly all cases go to the intelligent; and as even the ignerant man would like to have some of these prizes he naturally adopts the one course that will make him a competitor for them with some chance of success; he ceases to be ignorant. It would be ungracious as well as unjust to find fault with those who improve their minds because they do so either wholly or in part from a selfish motive. But such people are in danger of contenting themselves with a merely superficial culture which yields no fruits of profitable knowledge. And this is, perhaps, the most conspicuous defect in

the popular education of the day. There is, however, another more practical reason why we should not boast too much about the intelligence of this age, and that is the fact that the people who are ignorant vastly outnumber the people who are intelligent. We do not refer necessarily to those who are recognized as ignorant and illiterate, although they are very numerous. We include in the term ignorant a multitude of people who would usually be classed as intelligent, but whose knowledge is worse than ignorance because it is perverted or distorted or torn out of its natural relations. An excellent illustration of this is found in the examination of candidates for the police force in this city. As a rule the men who present themselves for this examination would be classed as fairly intelligent men; certainly they do not belong to the class of illiterates. And yet, though the questions which are given them to answer are elementally easy, only 35 per cent, of them succeed in

passing. The answers of the 65 per cent, who do not pass show an amazing ignorance of everyday simple facts-an ignorance which can only be explained by assuming either that these men cannot think or that they were not taught to think. In a recent examination, for instance, out of 218, fortythree could not tell in what State Chicago is, one of them declaring that "Chicago is a State by itself." Forty could not name one New England State. One named five of them as follows: "Inglen, Irelan, Scot- to retain and use those facts in their right ling, Wales and Cork;" and another gave relations. the same list, except that he substituted Belfast for Cork. Ninety could not name one of the Confederate States, and one wrote down as five of them, "New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont." One hundred and twenty-six could not name the law-making body of officer of a State. But the letter of 125 words or less that each candidate must write on some practi-

-furnishes the best proof of the mental vacuity of many supposedly intelligent One candidate contented himself with enunciating the fact. "Crimes does be done." Another gave the following mysterious answer: "The most of the principles has been drunk crasy and almost dead from their endurance." It is not necessary to give further illustrations of the dense ignorance of many who have gone to vere tone:

"Mr. Le Marchant has a wife who is far too good for him. You ought to know better than to rake up a scandul that is three tone:

"Mr. Le Marchant has a wife who is far together, we do, says an English writer. In Queen together, in a lump, or in separate days. Lord Avoncourt unbuttoned his coat and together, replied the office boy, together, in a lump, or in separate days. Lord Avoncourt unbuttoned his coat and loosened the collar, vainly trying to staunch the blood with his own handker.

There are multitudes of together, in a lump, or in separate days. Lizabeth's time her maids of honor were allowed three rump steaks for breakfast. In the loosened the collar, vainly trying to staunch the blood with his own handker."

There are multitudes of together, in a lump, or in separate days. Lizabeth's time her maids of honor were allowed three rump steaks for breakfast. In the loosened the community to-day, and allowed three rump steaks for breakfast. In the loosened the collar, vainly trying to staunch the blood with his own handker.

There are multitudes of together, in a lump, or in separate days. Lizabeth's time her maids of honor were allowed three rump steaks for breakfast. In the loosened the collar, vainly trying to speech about our intelligence it is high leman have ter go 'roun in jute clothes."

cal topic-such as "The Causes of Crime"

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than they were before, because it imparts to them facts without training their minds Condolence.

system of education, which in so many

cases educates pupils to be more ignorant

a great deal of popularity for summer the United States, one or them declaring it wear. The colored man who does odd to be "martial law." Forty-five did not chores around his home looked at it, know the name of the chief executive turned his head away and heaved a trechores around his home looked at it. turned his head away and heaved a tremendous sigh. "What's the matter, Augustus? Don't you approve of this outfit?" "Tain' foh me ter 'spress no 'pinion. But I wants ter say dat ef de wus comes ter de wus, I'se ready ter stick by de fam'ly

A Detroit man recently bought himself

one of the suits of tow which have gained

Detroit Free Press.

eben ef I has ter take less wages." "You seem to think this suit is connected with hard times." "Yassir. But I didn't 'magine dey was ez hahd ez all dis. Hit doan' mek so much differ'nce ter culled folks. W'en I wah livin' down Souf I's raised whole fam'lies ob pickaninnies dat ud take er coffee sack school, and are supposed, therefore, to an cut holes foh dah arms an mek it pass be intelligent. There are multitudes of foh coat, vest an breeches. But much ez

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